

worse, by pouring into the river that which, if spread upon our fields, would enable thousands to live, we convert the elements of life and health into the germs of disease and death—changing into slow but certain poison that which, in the subtle transmutation of organic nature, would become acres of life-sustaining grain. .

PNEUMONIA,

OR INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS, ALIAS CONSUMPTION,

Is a fearful scourge when once it appears in a yard of bullocks. It not only destroys all hopes of profit from feeding, but makes sad inroads into "principal;" and will, if not remedied, deter many from "winter grazing." One thing is pretty evident, that medicine is of little use. Examination after death shews the lungs to be the organs chiefly affected. They are gorged with black blood, and generally have abscesses filled with pus. In our country villages, bleeding is the rock on which the practitioner rests his hopes of safety; on this the farmer depends; this is their sheet anchor right or wrong. The worst of it is, so few are cured by it, even when aided by medicine.

Seeing then how little can be done towards curing the disease, is it not more necessary to try any and every means to prevent it?

Many a farmer will ask, "how are we to prevent a disorder that we do not know the cause of?" I answer, partly, by attending more to the wants of the cattle in the summer.

They are well housed and fed in winter. Every possible care is taken then. They are at that season fed, watered, and watched regularly; and why? because you see that they then require all the pains you bestow "to make them go-a-head." That sweets and hay, corn, linseed and oil-cake, without great attention, regularity and efficient shelter will not suffice. But why bestow so much care in the winter, and little or none in the summer? *Art* is to do everything for them in the winter months, when they are consuming expensive food; but in the spring and summer, be the winds ever so easterly, dry, and piercing; the sun hot and trying; the rains heavy and frequent; the grass rank, long and sour; the dews copious and chilling; the fogs as thick and impenetrable as if imported from London; they are then turned out to graze, and intrusted to dame nature's care night and day. A young friend of mine lost eighteen or twenty fine bullocks last year, between Michaelmas and Christmas. The disease was said to be pneumonia. Bled and physicked they all were, but die they would. The loss was great, and enough to make a man try to find a preventive for another season.

Unhappily, he has already had three fatal cases. I went with him to see the animals. There they were in "the marches." Upwards of seventy fine, fresh looking, three-year-old steers. The feed

was long enough, but terribly full of the rag-wort and marsh marygold.

I looked for water, and lo! "what a falling off was there." The ditches were almost dry; the little liquid left was full of life and mud, and all unfit to drink. Again, there was no shelter, for "the marshes" grow few sheds, and not many more bushes or trees. I recommended a good watering to be made, the bottom well covered with clay or marl, and a supply of wholesome liquid made sure. I suggested a shed or two to be erected, the rag-wort to be mown twice during the summer just before flowering, and the land to be well salted, horse-raking off the rubbish.

To my mind, it is no marvel that "disease of the lungs," or consumption, should prevail in many of the yards of our winter graziers. The seeds of the distemper being so ably sown during the spring and summer, when the cattle are driven from fair to fair to find a purchaser. They are often heated by over driving, to make up for delays on the road, in order to be in time. On an exposed market site they stand for hours without food or water. Faint with travel, fevered with thirst, goaded by drivers, and half maddened by their dogs, they are, happily for the original owners, bought, driven home late, and turned into a pasture where, perchance there is a flush of feed, and a scarcity of water fit to drink. If they want to slake their thirst, the first filthy town pit they came to is just the thing. The more highly colored the better; there is then some strength in it, for drovers generally have but little faith in clean water: thus they get a taste for dirty drink, and thus disease is drank up in their daily draught, and destruction made sure.

I was visiting a farming friend during the hot weather of last spring, when a report came from the yard that three or four of the winter fed bullocks were ill. They were frothing at the mouth and restless. The eyes indicated great irritability of the stomach, which was confirmed by loss of appetite, hanging of the ears, &c. A farrier was sent for; "*drinks*," of course, were given, (there seems to be no cure of anything without them,) and other measures taken, but the distemper attacked all in the yard.

I asked the general habits of feeding, and was shewn their place for watering. This was a pit dug out of the edge of the farm yard, and for its supply of liquid depended on the voluntary contributions of the clouds, the drainage of the yard, &c. This, that was of itself an "unwholesome fixture," was the place of refreshing for the cattle. A few hurdles and stakes, by way of trial, were put down, the stock kept away, and driven to clean water, "the drinks" were discontinued, and the animals recovered. David's question to his brother Elijah, "Is there not a cause?" will come to my mind when I hear of "stock doing badly," of lamentable losses in stables of good horses, bullock sheds, and sheep-folds. In seven cases out of ten, *there is "a cause,"* and one that may